

Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleans. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horse, Verlot Lacquay: Ha.

Orleans. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. Viales ewes & terre.

Orleans. Rien puis le air & fen.

Dolph. Cein, Cousin Orleans. Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides, That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ramb. What, wil you haue them weep our Hors'es blood? How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Const. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.

Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band,

And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules,

Leauing them but the shales and huskes of men.

There is not worke enough for all our hands,

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,

To giue each naked Curtlex a stayne,

That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,

And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,

The vapour of our Valour will o're-terne them.

'Tis positue against all exceptions, Lords,

That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pefants,

Who in vnnecessarie action swarme

About our Squares of Bataille, were enow

To purge this field of such a hilding Foe;

Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by,

Tooke stand for idle speculation:

But that our Honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let vs doe,

And all is done: then let the Trumpets found

The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:

For our approach shall so much dare the field,

That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpre.

Grandpre. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?

Yond Iland Carriens, desperate of their bones,

Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:

Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,

And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.

Bigge Mars seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,

And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes.

The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,

With Torch-staues in their hands: and their poore Iades

Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:

The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,

And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt

Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse,

And their executors, the knauish Crows,

Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.

Description cannot sute it selfe in words,

To demonstrate the Life of such a Bataille,

In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe.

Const. They haue said their prayers,

And they stay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

And giue their fasting Hors'es Prouender,

And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on

To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,

And vse it for my haste. Come, come away,

The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. Exeunt.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham

with all his Hoast: Salisbury, and Westmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Bataille.

West. Of fighting men they haue full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's fue to one, besides they all are fresh.

Salib. Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull odds.

God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge;

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven;

Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee.

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,

Princely in both. Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wishes so?

My Cousin Westmerland. No, my faire Cousin:

If we are markt to dye, we are enow

To doe our Countrey losse: and if to liue,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more.

By Ioue, I am not couetous for Gold,

Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost:

It yerues me not, if men my Garments weare;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires.

But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,

I am the most offending Soule aliue.

No faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England:

Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,

As one man more me thinks would share from me,

For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more:

Rather proclaime it (Westmerland) through my Hoast,

That he which hath no stomack to this fight,

Let him depart, his Passport shall be made,

And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse:

We would not dye in that mans companie,

That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.

This day is call'd the Feast of Crispian:

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rowse him at the Name of Crispian.

He that shall see this day, and liue old age,

Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,

And say, to morrow is Saint Crispian.

Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres:

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:

But hee'll remember, with aduantages,

What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,

Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.

This story shall the good man teach his sonne:

And Crispine Crispian shall ne're goe by,

From this day to the ending of the World,

But we in it shall be remembred;

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:

For he to day that sheds his blood with me,

Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,

This day shall gentle his Condition.

And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,

Shall thinke the selfes accurst they were not here;

And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speaks,

That fought with vs vpon Saint Crispines day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:

The French are brauely in their batailles set,

And will with all expedience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,

Couze?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,

Without more helpe, could fight this Royall bataille.

King. Why now thou hast vnwisht fue thousand men:

Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.

You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,

If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured Ouertthrow:

For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy

The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind

Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules

May make a peacefull and a sweet retire

From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies

Must lye and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:

Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.

Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?

The man that once did sell the Lyons skin

While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Find Nature Graues: vpon the which, I trust

Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.

And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills,

They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,

And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,

Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,

The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.

Marke then abounding valour in our English:

That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,

Breake out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.

Let me speake proudly: Tell the Constable,

We are but Warriors for the working day:

Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht

With raynie Marching in the painefull field.

There's not a peece of feather in our Hoast:

Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:

And time hath worne vs into flouencie.

But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:

And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,

They'll be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck

The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,

And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,

As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then

Will soone be leuyed.

Herauld, saue thou thy labour:

Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,

They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts:

Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,

Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:

Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more. Exit.

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ransome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge

The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue Yorke.

Now Souldiers march away,

And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. Exeunt.

Alarum. Ex cursions.

Enter Pistol, French Souldier, Boy.

Pistol. Yeeld Curre.

French. Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qualitee.

Pistol. Qualitie calme culture me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. O Seigneur Dieu.

Pistol. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.

French. O prenes misericordie aye piteux de moy.

Pistol. Moy shall not ferue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in dropes of Crimfon blood.

French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.

Pistol. Brasse, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'ft me Brasse?

French. O pardonne moy.

Pistol. Say'ft thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his Name.

Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?

French. Mounseur le Fer.

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Pistol. M. Fer: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pistol. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Mounseur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de coupes vostre gorge.

Pistol. Owy, cuppele gorge permafesoy fant, vnlesse thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes, or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma par-donner, le suis le Gentilhomme de bon maison, garde ma vie, & le vous donneray deux cent escus.

Pistol. What are his words?

Boy. He